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Persons leaving the city for the summer should order The Times-Dispatch mailed to them. Price, 50 cents per month.

ABOUT LEADERSHIP.

In the course of his admirable address before the literary societies of the University of Virginia on Monday night, Dr. Henry Smith Pritchett, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, spoke especially of the need of training at college for leadership, not merely in the professions and in business, but in politics. "Leadership," said he, "is to be effective in a free country and a progressive country must rest upon these fundamental qualities of citizenship: moral purpose, ability to think clearly, fellowship and work, and if the education of our higher institutions is to prepare men for such leadership these qualities must in some way be made a part of the atmosphere of the college and of the university life."

That is all right as far as it goes, but another thing is necessary to leadership, without which all the other qualifications go for naught. The true leader must be truly courageous, must have moral courage, must have the courage which is every ready to make sacrifices for principle, must have the courage which prefers defeat with honor over success with compromise.

That is why there are so few political leaders. Most men who go into politics go in for a career and this implies popularity. The politician soon learns that courageous leadership is more often than otherwise unpopular. It is so much easier to train with the crowd, so much easier to go along with the boys, and whoop and hurrah than to take the lead and attempt to turn the crowd out of its course. The crowd is usually caught by clap-net. The politician knows that the best working material is to be found at the bottom—among men who are caught with chaff, who are swayed by the passing sentiment of the hour. Such voters are not won by argument, but by appeal to their emotions. And thus it is that the politician is apt to become a demagogue. Naturally when he is after votes he works among those who are most easily captured, and naturally again he employs the ways and means that he knows to be most successful.

No man can be a safe leader who puts success above everything, whose one idea above all others is to win his way. The true leader must put aside all selfish considerations, must be willing to sacrifice his ambition, his life, everything save his honor, for the cause which he represents. Such a leader will sometimes be popular, and will receive the plaudits of men, and again he will be denounced as the enemy of the people. If the course which he pursues happens to be popular, the people will go wild over him, for the people love a brave and courageous man—when they agree with him—but if the course which he maps out for himself happens to be unpopular, the crowd will turn from him as quickly as the Roman mob turned from Brutus to Anthony.

It is for this reason and others, which we have cited that it is so difficult to find a leader, and especially a successful leader, in politics. The politician is apt to keep his eye to the ground, and such a man is never a leader. He may appear to lead, but in fact he follows public sentiment—he runs with the crowd.

MARYLAND'S DISGRACE.

According to a Baltimore correspondent thousands of dollars were spent in the buying of votes in the recent primary election in Queen Anne's county, Md. The contest was between the Democratic organization and the anti-organization forces. The votes began selling at \$10 and \$20, and the price finally went up to \$75 and \$100. Each side seemed to have plenty of money, and it was used without stint.

As between ballot box stuffing and wholesale bribery, we believe that the latter is more demoralizing. It is meaner and more contemptible to rob the ballot box, to steal that which ought to be precious to every man, to rob a man of the vote which the law permits him to cast, but in this case comparatively few men are morally affected. Voters are swindled, but they are not injured in their characters by the cheat. They may not even know that they have been robbed. But in the case of bribery every voter bought is made to sell his manhood and forever thereafter to hold himself in contempt. There is no surer way

of debauching the voters and demoralizing the suffrage than bribery in an election.

Nor is that all, although it is bad enough. When money is used to carry an election, all questions of merit in measures and fitness in candidates are thrown to the winds. The party with the longest purse will carry the day. If that is the way our elections are to be carried it will not be long before we will indeed have a "plutocracy." Whenever voters may be purchased for so much a head, then all that the wealthy men of the country have to do is to organize and put up the money and purchase and own the government.

But while this sort of thing may go on in Maryland we are thankful to say that here in Virginia if money is used it will be used in defiance of law, and if any candidate or any other man attempts to buy votes or in any way to influence the result by the use of money, he will be held to a strict account and punished according to law.

DIXIE.

Again we hear the objection urged that the language of Dixie is unworthy of a song which is recognized as the national Southern air, so to speak.

Undoubtedly, it is in part nonsensical, but it is "catchy." In that respect it is like some imperishable nursery rhymes. Time and again, during the war and since, song writers of various degrees of capacity, composed substitutes for Dixie, but not one of them met with popular approval.

We would not discourage the efforts of song writers to supply the Southern public with a "national" song superior to Dixie, but we wish kindly to point out the difficulty in the undertaking.

There is hardly any use attempting to improve upon the music of Dixie. That is acceptable to the masses, at least. It has found a place in the Southern heart from which it cannot be dislodged. It is associated with recollections of camp and march, battle and siege, victory and death. Besides, it is a sprightly air, is suitable for military bands and is provocative of cheerfulness and enthusiasm.

We know that it has been the subject of criticism at the hands of musical connoisseurs, but it has acquired dominion over the hearts of the Southern people. No, don't try to improve upon Dixie's music—at least, don't hope to drive it out of favor in the South; but if any one thinks he can offer an acceptable substitute for the words of the song, why let him make the attempt.

LAW AND BUSINESS.

We print elsewhere in to-day's paper an article from Mr. William L. Royall on the recent decision of the Court of Appeals in the Gallego Mills case. Mr. Royall says that the decision is worth more to the city of Richmond than would be the introduction of ten million dollars of new capital without it. It means that the law will hold its hands off and let the bankers and the manufacturers make terms to suit. When the law begins to meddle it is the borrower who suffers.

When some such measure as this was before a committee of the Legislature recently, a distinguished banker of this city told the committee up and down that he thought the measure was a mistake, but as a banker it made very little difference to him whether it passed or not. "The banks can take care of themselves," said he, in his frank way, and he meant just what he said. The banks can and do protect themselves.

When the laws are such as to make the protection of the banks doubtful the banks protect themselves by refusing to take risks. The law may in a measure regulate the rate of interest and may prescribe the terms upon which the banks may make loans, but the law cannot make these lend money.

THE FEAR OF ROOSEVELT.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch thinks the Democrats can elect the President next year if they have a good candidate and a sound platform, notwithstanding the conceded popularity of Roosevelt. There are plenty of good Democrats, but the good ones are not big enough for the contest, and as to a sound platform, that party has been chasing rainbows and coquetting with all kinds of fallacies so long that it would be difficult for it to get down to things conservative and practical. And what is the people all the while doing with the management of the vast interests of the country—Old Dominion Sun.

Don't be too sure about that. Many of the most prudent business men of the land who have ordinarily acted with the Republican party are as afraid of Roosevelt as they are of dynamite, and if a safe man is nominated by the Democrats they will flee to him. It rests with the Democrats, and we believe they will see their opportunity and seize it.

If the newspaper accounts of the doings of Wilcox on his way from the fall to the penitentiary be true, greater regret than ever will be felt now that he was not sentenced to the gallows instead of to the penitentiary. As for his expressed determination not to do any labor in prison, we consider it likely that he will change his mind. This we know—that many prisoners have come to the Virginia penitentiary firm in the resolution not to do a lick of work for the State, but not one of them ever was able to carry out his designs.

There are two sure methods to reduce such a rebellious convict to obedience. One is to use the strap upon him every day until he yields; the other is to put him in solitary confinement and overwhelm him with loneliness so that he will beg for permission to go to work.

Mr. Wilcox has thirty years to serve in the penitentiary, and before he has passed through that time he will learn that work—regular work—will be to him a privilege rather than a punishment.

Lynchburg has done a very enterprising stroke of business in securing a troop of United States cavalry as a feature for its Horse Show in October.

We shouldn't mind seeing such an exhibit here, if our management has not already crowded its programme with enough other attractive features.

The Secretary of War would not send on such a duty any troop that was not skilled in all the fancy drills and "extras" known to the cavalry service.

The Norfolk County Democrat thinks the campaign for the next nomination for Governor will be as warm and exciting

as the last, with the chances in favor of its ending in "a free-for-all contest in the convention," if it considers it "not likely that any one candidate will secure a majority of the delegates."

Our estimable contemporary overlooks the fact that the party plan contemplates a gubernatorial nomination not by a convention, but by a primary election.

There will be no gubernatorial convention, unless the party in State convention assembled changes the plan adopted at Norfolk last year.

Westmoreland county, of course, had a right to claim its portrait of Pitt, which had hung so long and so prominently in the hall of the House of Delegates here, but the House should have gotten permission to have a copy made. However, it is not yet too late to do this. We suggest that that action be taken when the Legislature next meets.

An enbogram relates that King Peter I. of Serbia, after he had been congratulated upon being elected King, became excited. "He laughed hysterically, marched vigorously up and down the room, and finally flung himself into a chair, trembling with excitement."

No wonder. He is entering upon a dangerous duty. He may not have had anything to do with the murder of the royal family, but he is profiting by that great crime, and may well fear that the hand of the assassin will some time be laid upon him. He will have to be guarded night and day; he will dread poison in every morsel that he eats, and probably will not know a moment of peace and security for years to come. In other words, he is going to assume a throne erected by assassins!

The President and the only living ex-President are soon to meet again on the orator's platform. A new president of the college of the city of New York is to be inaugurated, and it takes both of these great men to do the speaking on the occasion.

The late King Alexander was a thick-headed man, indubitably, and in a double sense. In the post-mortem made upon his remains the doctors found that the bones of his skull were three times the thickness of those of an ordinary person.

The Newport News Times-Herald reasons reasonably that the Richmond street car strike, being in the hands of Rezin Orr, if he is a good reasoner, he will manage to avoid a strike.

The Board of Visitors might have kidnapped President Roosevelt and made him president of the University, whether he can "consider such a proposition" or not.

The commencement orator and the essay reader have not had it all their own way. The preachers of the baccalaureate sermons have been settling a few problems also.

The showers in and about Boston and the rest of New England were a little disappointing as to volume and searching wetness.

A second crop of strawberries in the Norfolk region is said to be much better than the first. That's a good crop to raise every year.

There isn't half enough lightning in Virginia to strike half the would-be county officers and do them up good.

The intimation that Mr. Roosevelt would try to butt into the congressional representation question is no doubt premature.

The Kentucky market is in luck. A million gallons of whiskey were destroyed by fire in Glasgow the other day.

Judge White has been showing the people of Amherst how to clean up a docket in short order.

Slightly damaged by the cool spell, but the excursion season is here with both feet.

The sweet girl graduate who has learned to look at only one fellow is the queen of all she surveys.

What's the matter with returning to "turn the rascals out" for a campaign slogan?

The troubles of Peter I. have just commenced.

Good or bad, walking comes in when a street car strike gets well on.

Personal and General.

Henry Horn, one of the few survivors of the charge of the Light Brigade, has just died in London.

Conrad Kahler, who invented the folding press now in use in all large newspaper offices, died in Chicago last week.

Father Robert Seton, formerly of Jersey City, but now living in Rome, has been appointed by the Pope, Titular Archbishop of Heliopolis.

J. B. Greenhut, of Peoria, Ill., has started for Russia, and various points of the world, where he will study the condition of the Jews.

The oldest recorded minister of the Society of Friends in the world, Mrs. Phoebe Ann Gifford, has just celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of her birth at her home in Providence, R. I.

Captain Richard Clover, recently American naval attaché in London, is in Washington and about to start on a leave of absence trip to California.

J. W. Bailey, of Atlanta, Ga., principal of the School of Technology in that city, has been chosen the head of the Bradford Durfee School, at Fall River, Mass.

Remarks About Richmond

Norfolk Dispatch: And now we have a clairvoyant who foretold the Serbian massacre. Prophet Jefferson, of Richmond, had best look to his laurels.

Newport News Times-Herald: The coroner's inquest on the Times-Dispatch who is figuring on what would have happened if Jackson had not been wounded, should speculate a little as to what would have happened if Eye had not listened to the serpent.

Newport News Press: A tracer should be sent to find out what became of the investigation ordered by the Richmond City Council to sift the budding charges.

The Mann law may be justly called a club promoter. At last accounts, only nineteen had been licensed in Richmond. Of course, the elite must be allowed their "chick balls." What's the difference between club whiskey and the saloon whiskey—Farmville Herald.

If extended temporary will read carefully the Mann bill, which he terms a club promoter, he will discover that it is a law which will allow the sale of club whiskey, or any other city, or any town containing a population of more than 600.

Richmond has the license system and it is under that system that the clubs are

Wonder if our friend ever read that little fable of the wolf and the lamb and the muddy water?—South Boston News.

Trend of Thought
In Dixie Land

Chattanooga Times:
The more thoroughly the investigation into the affairs of the Postoffice Department goes the more clearly does it appear that the Postmaster-General is a better politician than a mere business man.

Mobile Item:
The suggestion of John G. Carlisle as the Democratic nominee for President would be like one talking of exhuming a mummified cadaver, long buried, with the hope of resuscitation.

Augusta Chronicle:
It is well, indeed, that President Roosevelt is opposed to automobilism. Were he contrary minded—as the presiding officers express it—what times there would be in Washington, to be sure!

Columbia State:
Rev. Dr. Hillis believes fewer churches would be better for the country. If the church had advocated the reduction of preachers—by one—we would vote with him. And he may yet join the Chambermaids' Union.

Florida Times-Union:
Mississippi and Georgia find themselves badly outclassed by the vigorous State of Indiana. That State didn't enter the negro-lynching contest till quite recently, but by the strenuous and frequent use of fire, rope and pistol has jumped into first place.

A Few Foreign Facts.

Felix Weingartner, the composer and conductor, has, although the reduction of the Baroness Frederica von Dreyfus, of Munich.

Oswald Weigel of Leipzig is about to sell the library of the late Dr. Julius Platzmann, which contains some 4,000 works on American languages, especially on the languages of South America.

"Gypsy Reuben Smith," a prominent member of his race in England, has set himself the task of reforming the gypsies of that country. He has purchased a tract of land and has made the Gypsy of Reuben Smith, the member of several tribes. He believes that with proper training and education the gypsy may be weaned from his roving habits and be made a useful member of a community.

Queen Alexandra comes of harder stock than is found in many of the royal families of Europe. May would have been a month or so earlier for her, but for the death of her father, the crown prince of Denmark, who, like herself, has grand children. In the same week, also, came the thirty-eighth birthday of her only son, Prince George of Wales. Quite recently the queen lost an aunt who was ninety-one years old, and Alexandra looks ten years younger than she really is.

CAME NEAR WINNING

Col. George W. Miles Showed Much Strength Before Board of Visitors.

From thoroughly reliable sources it is learned that in the fight for president of the University the other night Colonel George W. Miles led on all the ballots, and it is the belief of some that he may finally win the race when the board meets again on June 23rd. Colonel Miles led Prof. Dabney and the rest of those who were in the race, but he was understood to have been within one vote of victory. In view of this it is said that Colonel Miles is by no means out of the race, and that when the matter comes up again he is likely to at least be a powerful factor in the race.

The McGill Outing.

The annual outing of the McGill Union was held in the city of Montreal, Quebec, over one hundred members have arranged to go, and a glorious day is looked for. The committee in charge have everything in readiness, and the weather man promises a good day. Buses will leave the rooms at 9 A. M. owing to the probability of the street car strike, "buses" will leave at 10 A. M. and 1 P. M. The committee will take out members who cannot arrange to go with the early crowd.

Mr. Rennolds Swears.

Alderman R. G. Rennolds, of Monroe Ward, who was chosen the other night to succeed Mr. James R. Gordon, resigned, qualified before His Honor, the Mayor, yesterday, and will sit at the next meeting of the board. There is some suggestion that Mr. Rennolds may be in the investigating committee.

For Defendant.

In the suit for alleged damages in the Law and Equity Court yesterday in the matter of Mr. Rosenbloom vs. the International Harvester Machine Company, the jury found for the defendant company.

DAILY FASHION HINTS.

CHILD'S COAT.

The coat illustrated has many attractive features. It has the kimono back, which may be worn loose or with a strapped belt. The double cape and flowing sleeves are ornamented by machine stitching.

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Author of "Nabobs and Knaves," "Sealed Lips," "Blue Blood and Red," Etc., Etc. Copyright by Author.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE HOUR OF PERIL.

The day passed with the usual duties of shipboard. Contrary to all hopes, the mists that obscured the sea and shore did not clear, but several times developed into a drenching drizzle and rain, while the uncertain wind, as fickle as a maid in her teens, served only at intervals to bear the Nord Brandt onward.

This dismal state of affairs held until nearly dark, when the wind died out, and the mists thickened. Walton, the first dog-watch, not a breath stirred the vessel's drooping canvas. The fore and aft sails were lowered to prevent chafing, courses were hauled up, and very soon the watch, like the brig herself, had fallen into a state of dozing.

This continued nearly until dawn. Too nervous to sleep, with heart burdened with those vague apprehensions which sometimes precede impending disaster, and with Emily Somers' name echoing and echoing through his mind, Walton curled under the forward rail, longing for daylight. At about the time the first gray of dawn appeared Ben Logan came creeping along and dropped beside him, to whisper, rather tremulously, "Do you hear anything, lad?"

"Hear anything, Ben?" queried Archie, wondering at the sailor's ghostliness of the old seaman's face. "What do you mean?"

"Hang your head over the rail, with your eye toward the water."

Walton obeyed, and presently detected the faint, far away sound of falling arms. "It do now, Ben," he cried softly. "What does it mean?"

The drum-beated old salt gravely shook his head. "We've drifted, or our course has been shaped too high the land," he replied, huskily. "That sound is made by the sweeps of a Chinese junk!"

Walton could not complete a sentence so freighted with appalling possibilities, but Ben seemed to read his thoughts. "Chinese pirates—aye, lad," he said sadly. "It's odds you'll see 'em."

A momentary feeling like that of deathly sickness fell upon Walton, and the seaman, observing his sudden paleness, huskily added, with a suspicious measure in his dim eyes, "You'd not been here, lad?"

"For God's sake, I'd give my life if I could set you safe aboard the Wanderer!"

But Walton's first horror had not been for himself. His mind had been swift to a fair head pillowed still in peaceful slumber, and a heart beating without thought of fear. With a sudden pressure of his lips, with a swift fire lighting his splendid eyes, he laid his hand on the old man's shoulder and said:

"No more of that, Ben! As God hears me, I thank heaven that I am here. There'll be one more arm, and no weak one, to fight for them!"

He could not say any more. That she was more to him than any other, or would ever be—was too early for that. But the sweetness of her face was haunting him, and she had brought home to him what none other had since first he trod a vessel's deck. Ben Logan caught the hand with which he pointed aft and wrung it warmly.

"There'll be more'n one arm, lad, to fight for wimmin and yonder devils!" he cried, hoarsely. "If the fog holds we may not be sighted, or mebbe we'll catch a breeze. I reckon the wind'll be our only chance. Keep quiet, lad, while I give the alarm."

Soon all was consternation and subdued excitement aboard the Nord Brandt. The imminence of the danger and its appalling character could hardly be imagined. Without wind sufficient to enable them to outlast the oar-propelled junk, they were practically at the mercy of her Tartar crew, which probably would outlast them, and once and for all, without mercy in event of surrendering, the vessel was doomed utterly, and it speedily was resolved to offer all possible resistance in case of discovery and attack.

The crew, which was not very numerous, quickly and quietly distributed, and preparations made to give battle or to make sail, as the emergency might require.

To the score of men gathered in the fore-cabin, it was a period of intense excitement. The sound of the working sweeps had briefly died away to silence over the port quarter, and though the mists of the early morning still hung over the sea, the sound of the oars, practiced eye cast upward could discern a lighter atmosphere, and that with the rise of the sun the lower mist would soon be burned away. Under such conditions danger was not insupportable, and escape dependent upon a wind.

In the midst of the anxious preparations Captain Van Hausen came hurrying forward among his men. Perhaps, owing to his youthful change, he looked more like Archie as one least experienced in such perils, and better to be spared than an older man from the first flush of desperate combat.

"Get aft there, Walton, and man the wheel!" he commanded, sharply, though in tones subdued to the need of the hour. "Watch out for a breath from the south, and take heed you don't lose it!"

The instructions were not unwelcome, and Archie hurried aft. As he neared the poop he passed Lieutenant Vail, going forward, whose face, despite his naval breeding, was blanched to death by the news. Walton gave him a glance, however, but on gaining the wheel threw down his outboard beside him, and settled in his bolt pistols with which he had been provided.

As he had reached his position when a half-suppressed cry, as of one who eagerly beholds one desired, sounded in his ears, and Emily Somers, pale as marble with fear, and manly as a soldier, came running up the companionway and approached him.

"O, I am so glad you came aft, sir!" she cried hurriedly, with an impulsiveness that betrayed her more than she was aware of. "I know that you at least will not deceive me—I am sure of it! Tell me the truth—please tell me the truth. Is there great danger?"

He felt the trembling of her hands round his arms, and read in her eyes the madly fears her courageous heart would fain have concealed; but in the face of her appeal he could not deceive her. With a gentleness she could not but observe, he answered gravely:

"Yes, Miss Somers; there is great danger!"

"Of our lives?"

"Of our lives—yes!"

His answer seemed to him even, till he could sense the beating of her heart and the convulsive distress of the breast pressing near his arm.

"Then you'll make me one promise—say that you will!" she cried, anxiously, with eyes pleading to him. "I am Lord Somers' daughter, or London. We two are killed—mama and I—and you are left alive, promise me my father shall know our fate. You will do this? You will promise this? Say that you will—if you are killed—and you are left alive!"

With his sunken face pale and drawn as if by hidden agony, Walton looked down at her, and said:

"I will promise—yes. But what use?"

"What use?"

"If you are killed, or even harmed, I shall not be left to fulfill the promise!"

There could be but one significance. He had told her that only with his own death should harm befall her. And he had told her in a way that touched every chord of sentiment in the girl's soul. She caught her breath, while a swift flush came and went in her pale cheeks. Then both her hands glided down his arm, and both closed hard round his heart.

"I understand you, and—and words cannot repay," she murmured, tremulously, half sobbing. "If in after time we both are spared I will try—"

"You'd better take your promise below, Emily," interposed a harshly sounding voice near by, and Vail, with an ugly frown on his white face when he observed the scene, strode nearer. "What are you doing up here, anyhow? Making that low fo'castle hand your confidant?"

She went round with a flush which fear of the impending peril was powerless to deny. With a quick ring in her subdued voice, she cried sharply:

"You forget to whom you are speaking!"

"Robert!"

"O, no, I don't!" retorted Vail, whose jealousy was plagued despite Walton's humble station. "This is no place for you—and no company! Your life—"

"You could not possibly be under manlier protection! Emily cut in with a strong force and frankness. "Yes, I will go below," she quickly added, with a touch of scorn. "Such discord ill becomes so dreadful an hour!"